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toned down to a pitch from which it is certain they can pain not even the weakest eyes, and, of course, the shadows must be correspondingly reduced; nor is there an attempt, except in Achenbach, who is very far from successful, to reproduce the variety of Nature's tints, the range and change of color she exhibits under her gravest moods. The result is this, that in the very large majority of the landscapes of this collection, there is a mass of light, painted in goldenish brown in the centre, and around it a purplish grey shadow pitched down almost to blackness in its nearer portions. The law is almost absolute.

The third class of works is that in which the motive is low or debasing. We have found it difficult to decide whether Sohn's "Diana and her Nymphs," should go into this or the second class. To characterize it as sensual, in the sense in which most of the pictures of the nude in the French school are so, would be unjust—it is not lascivious—but any studied display of the nude figure for its own sake, or for the sake of its nudity, rather, is assuredly a bid for attractiveness at the expense of propriety, to say the least. There are two motives which, in the highest artistic sense, justify the use of the nude figure. The one is in painting, where, as with Titian, the motive is the ideal of color, and the nude is made use of as giving the noblest and most perfect color to be found in nature; and the other in sculpture, as with the Greeks and Michael Angelo, where the motive is the ideal of form; and in either case the undraped figure is demanded to realize the highest measure of Beauty. But Sohn's picture has neither motive; its color is heavy and earthy, and its form entirely academic, negatively faultless at best. It is in itself cold, passionless, but the subject is evidently shown as one which presents the display of the undraped figure, and so, without justification even of real preference in the artist's feeling, it addresses itself to the sensuality of the public. We are not disposed to enter into any lengthy discussion of the question so hotly debated, whether the nude in Art is or is not proper—it would soon be settled in the mind of every artist, if he could or would judge dispassionately—not deceiving himself with specious reasoning. The instinct of every pure mind settles it at once. Neither sophistry nor custom can ever unsettle that decision, and there we are disposed to let it rest. The Diana of Prof. Sohn has no ideal aim whatever, and so falls back into the category of works whose avowed attraction is their nudity, or, in other words, their want of propriety and decorum, and it should be expurgated from any collection intended for public display.

In this class come also Hasenclever's disgusting drinking scenes, the embodiments of the Bacchanalian tastes of a low-minded man. No power of mind, no truth of representation, can make worthy or dignified the things which, in themselves, are disgraceful, and a just perception of the true function of art would make us start with horror from its degradation to the purposes of the drunkard and the sensualist. It is debasing enough to see men, whose nobler instincts and qualities have become clouded and extinguished before the demands of sense, but to see others revel in the contemplation of such debasement is melancholy.

This is, indeed, the prostitution of Art.

Nor is the humor of Hasenclever more dignified. We have said, with reference to Schroder's Falstaff, that humor was the play of the intellect, but the man that plays always is an idler, and so the man who jests for ever becomes only a buffoon. The humor and the gravity of a frivolous mind are alike contemptible—alike without result. Hasenclever's humor is of this sort—genuine pot-house jesting—to enjoy which a man must descend from the dignity of earnest manhood. We often wonder that Shakespeare's clowns are sometimes really wiser than their serious masters, but a man to be really witty must be truly wise, and his wit is as deep as his wisdom, and is of equal value to us. But the humor in the "Life of the German student" is the humor of folly, unprofitable to contemplate as to perpetrate; and the difference between it and the true humor of Art, is that between Hasenclever and Hogarth—between the clown of a circus and the clown of Shakespeare.

And this is the end and result of material Art—to go like those in a treadmill, ever laboring, never advancing; following itself round and round in the circle of its own poor wisdom and knowledge of existence, never reaching, never aspiring, but content with itself, its attainments, and its range of vision, but daily growing more blind, more limited, and more debased.

THAT, then, which is required, in order to the attainment of accurate conclusions respecting the essence of the beautiful, is nothing more than earnest, loving, and unselfish attention to our impressions of it, by which those which are shallow, false, or peculiar to times and temperaments, may be distinguished from those that are eternal.—*Ruskin*.

BY NIGHT.

(Translated from the German of Prütz.)

BY ANNE MITCHELL.

O'er the mountain night is striding,
For the day has sunken far,
And, amid its thousand sparklings,
Now awakes each little star.

Downward from this starlit heaven,
O'er the valley, o'er the hill,
Liberty, her wing unfolding,
Calmly flits through earth and still.

Softly enters every cottage,
Gently taps at every door,
To the ear that slumbers, whispers,
And a lowly tale tells o'er.

Then with holy kiss and fervent,
She the young and aged meets;
While her breath with mild embracings,
In his cell the captive greets.

Now the falchion's edge is trying!
At each powder-flask she stands,
Of the hour-glass ever jealous,
Silent counting o'er its sands.

While each soul is onward dreaming,
Every heart is glowing bright,
With its steed so bravely prancing,
With its noble deeds of might.

From behind his iron grating
Smiles the captive on his chain;
While the lord in palace sleeping,
Pale and trembling wakes again.

BRICKS IN ARCHITECTURE.*

We have read, with great pleasure and profit, a volume lately put forth by G. E. Street, Esq., an English architect, entitled "Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages." It is written in a style of considerable vivacity, sufficiently so to be interesting to the general reader, as well as to the professional man. We heartily commend it to the attention of all who can obtain it, and should be glad to see it republished, at a reasonable price, and scattered over the whole country.

The art of using various colored bricks and stones in building seems to be entirely ignored in the present day. Now, there may be some excuse for our neglecting to use marbles, but there can be none, not even the paltry consideration of cost, for our denying ourselves the enjoyment of the beauty that can be produced with the several shades of red and yellow brick at our command. In the hands of a designer, who has studied the subject at all carefully, a great number and variety of fine effects of color can be made with these simple materials. Those of our readers who have seen the brick buildings of Northern Italy, or are acquainted with them in works, will understand our meaning. With the exception of St. Mark's, Venice, we know of no building so lovely in color as the apse of the church at Murano; and its beauty is owing almost entirely to the masterly arrangement of the bricks, of several colors, of which it is constructed. We can see no reason why our architects should not give us similar designs. Since we will, more or less, build of brick, let us have the walls as attractive as possible.

We have taken it for granted that it is desirable to have the use of colored materials revived in our architecture. We are aware that there is much prejudice against this idea, chiefly in the minds of men to whom it is new, or who are ignorant in matters of Art generally; but we believe that the men of most cultivated taste among us cannot fail to approve it. It rests with our architects to decide the point. If they, or any one of them, can be persuaded to make a bold start in the matter, we are certain that the system will very soon become popular, and the cheapest and most ordinary buildings may have at least one element of beauty, in place of the wearying monotony to which we are so much addicted.

In the new Unitarian church, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twentieth street, an attempt of this kind has been made, but, we think, unsuccessfully, owing, in the first place, to the unfortunate choice of materials, which are Caen stone, and a very dark, red brick, giving too violent a contrast; and no harmony of color: and, again, to the fact, that the bands of each are of the same width, which gives a formal air to the whole, and destroys all breadth of effect. Nevertheless, this is a step, though an imperfect one, in the right direction.

We intend shortly to take up this subject of using colored materials, and discuss it thoroughly, believing that the arguments in its favor are such that, if fairly presented, they cannot fail to convince our readers

* Bricks and Marble in the Middle Ages, by G. E. Street, large 8vo. John Murray, London.

that our architects have heretofore neglected a most important element of beauty in their designs. It is this element, mainly, that gives to the early Italian buildings their immeasurable superiority to the works of the Renaissance period. We believe in the system of the former, fully agreeing with Mr. Street, in the opinions expressed in the following extract:

"There are, unhappily, two views of Art, two schools of artists—armies of men fighting against each other; the one numerous, working with the traditions and rules of their masters in the Art, exclusive in their views, narrow in their practice, and conventional in all their proceedings, to the most painful forgetfulness of reality in construction and ornament: the other young and earnest, fighting for the truth, small in numbers, disciples of Nature, revivers of an Art, to all appearance, now all but defunct, yet already rising gloriously above the traditional rules of three centuries: the one class representing no new idea, breathing no new thought, faithful to no religious rule; the other rapidly endeavoring to strike out for themselves paths as yet untrifled, gathering thoughts from Nature, life from the intense desire for reality and practical character, faithful, moreover, to a religious belief, whose propagation will be forever the great touchstone of their work: the one class, the disciples of Palladio, journeying towards Vicenza, with reverence, to learn how he built palaces of compe, with cornices of lath and plaster, already in two short centuries falling to decay, wretched and ruinous! the other stopping long, at Verona, dreaming over the everlasting art of the monuments of the Scaligers, and of the name of Sta. Anastasia, still, though five centuries have passed, fresh and beautiful as ever, fit objects of veneration for the artist in all ages."

COURSE OF REFINEMENT.—The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned generals and poets, usually abounds with skillful weavers and ship-carpenters. * * * The spirit of the age affects all the arts and the minds of men, being once roused from their lethargy, and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides, and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures, to think as well as to act, to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body. The more these refined arts advance, the more noble men become: nor is it possible that, when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be contented to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow-creatures in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations.—*Hume*.

THE POET'S FATE.

(From *Dargaledet*.)

DREAMING once of high renown,
Hoping earthly state to share,
I had craved a doctor's gown,
And perhaps Professor's chair.
Suddenly the muses came,
Stealing lightly on their way,
Kissing me, they breathed a flame,
Which has burnt these dreams away.

Now a poet's finger goes
Light my lyre's sweet chords along,
In the place of fables,
Now I write a little song.
Oh thou poor, yet happy bard!
All thy dreaming now is done,
Hope no more for earth's regard,
But in Heaven which thou hast won.

Correspondence.

ART NEWS FROM ENGLAND.—LETTER 9.

London, November 28, 1855.

To the Editors of the *Crayon*:

THE only Art exhibition of the regular sort which is wont to enliven London between August and February—the so-called "Winter Exhibition of Pictures, Water-Colors, and Engravings, of the English School"—has opened this month. Its distinctive feature is "a complete set of engravings, lithographs, and etchings, after and by Sir Edwin Landseer," collected by one of his habitual engravers, Mr. Charles Lewis. "Complete set," says the catalogue; and so, with a very slight allowance, it is reported to be. I hear that a few Landseer's, which had undergone the honor of being etched by the Queen's hand, have been withdrawn from exhibition "by command;" her majesty, as was proved heretofore by the prosecution of a surreptitious publisher, having no mind to collect the suffrages of flunkeyism, by parading the productions of her leisure-hours. I remember, also, one or two other Landseer prints, that are not here—as a lithograph of our late illustrious antagonist, the Emperor Nicholas, done from life; but it may be fairly said that the man who sees the present collection, numbering 278 specimens, sees the whole body of Landseer's engraved works. There are, as it appears to me, two points in which Landseer stands at the head of all animal-painting. The first is a minor, but telling merit—one, indeed, which, while conducing much to his popularity, betrays him sometimes into flimsiness—the power, I mean, of expressing the morbidity of texture in hide and plumage. As a master of other points of texture in animal subjects, I should not rate him so high; while, in thorough portraiture of animals—such portraiture as elicits the qualities of firm draughtsmanship, and downright actuality—the eminent living members of the French school, Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, the Belgian, Joseph Stevens, and, above all, Jadin, not to enter upon any inquiry as to such past worthies as Snyders and Jan Fyt, appear to me clearly his superiors. However, the second point of Landseer's preeminence, is the important one—the most important which can be cited as affecting the decision of relative excellence. This is the quality which may be broadly designated as *sympathy*; the hearty fellow-feeling with which he enters into the characters, passions, and instincts, of animals, with which he elicits the sentiment of their life, and which so quickens his invention as to make his completest works subjects of real pathos and dramatic interest. Such are "the Random Shot"—that exquisite snow piece on the moors, where a fawn stands incomprehensible by its slaughtered dam, seeking the nurture, whose fount death has dried up; or, "Peace," with lambs nibbling at the grass-grown cannon's mouth, and a lovely sea-side back-ground, with its white cliffs, blue expanse of water, and birds tumultuously life-filled. Such, among unengraved works, are the "Shepherd's Prayer," with his patriarchal flocks massing the mounded uplands with sweet rest, and one of a herd of stags in a misty morn-

ing, looming and shifting like uncertain wreaths, through the vapor. "The Forester's Family," and others, with less of a positive idea in their conception, possess the same poetry of feeling. Landseer has been fortunate generally in his engravers, especially his brother Thomas, who understands animals well enough, not only to engrave them after another, but to design them himself with great spirit and originality. In the present collection, one of the most interesting and remarkable features is the sprinkling of etchings, studied and executed by the now famous artist from Nature, in early childhood—ten years, nine years, and as low even as eight, "Heads of Sheep and Cattle," "Donkeys," "Lion," "Horse and Bull," "Boar's Head," "Cow and Calf," and so on. These are fairly astonishing; the character fully appreciated, the drawing marked by observation, firmness, and perception, the actions mostly as right as can be. Few instances of artistic precocity could be hunted up to equal this.

The remainder of the "Winter Exhibition is thread-bare enough—commonplace contributors, for the most part, sending second-rate contributions. Two junior members of the Linnell family exhibit landscapes full of feeling and minute study—the stuff which may fail of developing into greatness, but which is already choice truth, and must result in assured excellence. It is pleasant to be able to discount to young men the admiration which one feels to an older master in the same family, but which his reputation can dispense with. Mr. Arthur Hughes, a rising Pre-Raphaelite, sends a figure of a little boy, in a flannel night-shirt, replete with sentiment and beautiful pictorial method. A dull artist could not have aimed at so much naive actuality without falling into prossies, nor a pseudo-sentimental one at so much of the abstract and spiritual without dissolving into inanity. Mr. Hughes combines the two points of view, so that each makes the other the more vital. Mr. Munro, a young sculptor, one of the few whose productions present any element of life in these days, sends some medallion heads and groups, proving anew graceful thought and ductile ease of hand.

It is trifling with the item "exhibitions," in my month's budget of news, however, to talk of the Winter Exhibition, while that of the Arundel Society, at the Crystal Palace, remains to be spoken of; or, at least, it would be trifling, had I not last month said something on the subject, and were it not one, the mere fact of which suggests and implies more than can well be written in this summary fashion. Tracings from an important series of works, by about the greatest artist of all times and climes, Giotto—that is what, with other matter, one can now see at the Crystal Palace; and that speaks pretty sufficiently for itself. The other matter includes proofs of the forthcoming wood-cuts in the society's series; pen-and-ink drawings from the tracings; drawings in chiaroscuro of the fourteen allegorical subjects by Giotto, from the same building figures of the Virtues and Vices; one or two colored reductions; and decorative of other accessories. Thus far as to the representation of Giotto. In addition to this, there are designs after Fra Angelico and Domenico Ghirlandajo; reductions from the Elgin Marbles; and a